

THE FRENCH DESTROY GERMAN FIREBOATS

The Daily Mirror

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One Halfpenny.

"TEDDY'S TELL-TALE EAR: SLINGSBY BABY WINS HIS CLAIM
AFTER FAMOUS SCULPTOR'S TEST IN COURT.

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Sir G. Frampton, who saw likeness between "Teddy's" ears and his mother's.

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"Teddy" Slingsby, in his perambulator, looks happy. He is now heir to the Slingsby estates.

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Mr. Slingsby, the father of the heir.



Mr. Charles Slingsby and his son.



A pretty picture of "Teddy."



Mrs. Charles Slingsby.

In the Probate Court yesterday Mr. Justice Bargrave Deane decided the Slingsby law-suit in favour of the petitioner, the four-year-old little boy "Teddy." In delivering judgment, the Judge told of a remarkable occurrence which had taken place in court. He had personally thought that the boy was so like his father, Mr. Slingsby, that he

had called in Sir George Frampton, the famous sculptor, to see the boy and his father in court. Sir George had seen the likeness, and had also noticed a peculiarity about the boy's ear that was shared by Mrs. Slingsby. A child could not have this peculiarity unless it was congenital.

SLINGSBY BABY WINS CLAIM TO BE HEIR.

Judge Consults Famous Sculptor
As To Facial Likeness.

R.A. AND ODD-SHAPED EAR

The pretty curly-headed four-year-old boy known as *Teddy*, but whose full name is Charles Eugene Slingsby, has won his claim to be heir to the large Slingsby estates at Scriven Park, near Knaresborough, Yorkshire.

Mr. Justice Bargrave Deane, who had reserved his judgment after a hearing occurring nearly three weeks, decided that "Teddy" is the legitimate child of Mr. Charles R. H. Slingsby, the present tenant of the estates, and his wife.

Little "Teddy's" claim had been disputed by Mr. Slingsby's two brothers, who alleged that the boy was the child of a woman named Anderson, of Chinatown, San Francisco, and had been adopted by his own parents.

Mr. Charles Slingsby was in court and listened to the judgment as he intended not to miss a single word. A smile lit up his face when he heard the Judge announce that he would make a declaration of legitimacy in favour of "Teddy."

The question of costs was reserved, and leave to appeal was given.

R.A. AS FACIAL EXPERT.

A striking feature of Mr. Justice Bargrave Deane's judgment related to a test which the Judge had carried out with the aid of Sir George Frampton, the famous sculptor.

During the course of the day over which the case had lasted, the Judge said, Mr. and Mrs. Slingsby had sat side by side in court.

He went on: "On one occasion the little boy was in court. I was struck by the extraordinary likeness of him to Mr. Slingsby."

He was strongly about the likeness that he dismissest his own judgment. So he spoke to counsel about getting the assistance of an assessor on the point. They assented.

He had at first thought of getting a doctor as an assessor, but it had then struck him that it was more a matter for one who was accustomed to judge likenesses.

ODD-SHAPED EAR.

So he told counsel that he had asked Sir George Frampton, the Royal Academician and sculptor, to come to the court and help him.

The case was then being heard in the other court. Sir George sat in the jury-box.

The Judge went on: "I asked that the little boy should be here. I did not know that Mr. Slingsby had a son."

They were sitting in the third row. First Mrs. Slingsby, then the little boy and then Mr. Slingsby.

Mr. George Frampton afterwards pointed out to me what I had noticed in the likeness of the boy to his father.

Then he said: "I should like to see Mrs. Slingsby. I have noticed that the left ear of the boy is a rather odd shape. I should like to see Mrs. Slingsby's ear."

The father and mother and boy, the Judge then said, were invited into his room with counsel. He then left the room.

He heard afterwards that Sir George had then said that there was an extraordinary resemblance between the little boy's left ear and the left ear of Mrs. Slingsby.

"VILLAINS OF THE PIECE."

In the course of his judgment, Mr. Justice Bargrave Deane said: "The question before me to decide is this: Did Mrs. Dorothy Slingsby give birth to a child on September 1, 1910, at San Francisco?"

"The evidence called on Mrs. Slingsby's behalf is a great deal dependent on her alone."

"She is a veritable woman. Once or twice herself very strongly, but I am not sure that it was not perfectly honest."

The story of the birth of the child as told by Mrs. Slingsby was then examined in detail by the Judge.

Two events described as important by the Judge were then mentioned by him.

1. Mrs. Slingsby went out shopping with a Mrs. Kellie to buy baby clothes.

2. Mrs. Slingsby put an advertisement in the *San Francisco Examiner* for a baby boy.

His Lordship pointed out the mistake she had made in committing perjury with regard to this advertisement, denying in an affidavit that it was hers.

The Judge then referred to what he said were the two villains of the piece, according to the petitioner's case—Hattie Blane and Dr. Fraser, who practised in Chinatown.

The evidence about the alleged birth of a child to a woman named Lillian Anderson, at Dr. Fraser's suggestion, was analysed.

Dr. Fraser, the Judge pointed out, had been ready to back up false evidence by perjury.

With regard to the evidence of Lillian Anderson, she had married and could not be traced.

The Judge then said: "My own belief is that Mrs. Slingsby did have a child born on September 1, 1910, at San Francisco. The story of Dr. Fraser and Hattie Blane was in my belief got up to controvert the facts."

"I do not think that I am implying any blame to the solicitors in this country or to the parties cited."

MISSING "M's" AND "N's."

Londoners in Grip of Cold Find It Hard to Pronounce Everyday Words.

DOUCHES FOR THE NOSE.

"Don't come too dear be—I've a cold."

"So have I, ad by wife as well—tschoo!"

Such was the in-ness, n-less way in which thousands of Londoners greeted one another yesterday.

For London, for the second time this year, was in the grip of a bad experience of chills.

Not a few of London's toilers have temporarily lost their voices, and many waitresses who come out from the suburbs every day in all sorts of weather could only speak in whispers.

It is news to the general stores and then take their meals in rooms with a much lower temperature are also, in thousands of cases, under the care of the family doctor.

"To treat a cold successfully it must be taken at the very beginning," a well-known London physician told *The Daily Mirror*.

"I myself believe in frequent douching with salt water or water with which a little glycerine or some such thing dissolved in it," said Dr. Slingsby.

Using the nose between the thumb and forefinger and the use of a snuff consisting of equal parts of camphor and bismuth subnitrate are also recommended by some doctors. I only used such a snuff once, but I have heard of it," he said.

"For the purposes of the ordinary douche a teaspoonful of salt, with about five drops of eucalyptus should be added to the pint of water."

"MY FATE IS DECIDED."

Story of a Wife's Love for a Captain Told in Divorce Court.

Two letters read in the Divorce Court yesterday told the story of a wife's love for another man.

They were read during the hearing of the suit brought by Mr. S. Duer, who petitioned for a divorce on the ground of misconduct of his wife, Mary, with Captain Vincent Jones, who was stated to be a married man. The suit was undefended and Mr. Duer was granted a decree nisi with costs against Captain Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. Duer were married at the Strand registered office in 1893 and there were no children. In 1911 petitioner went to India on a tour which he returned from in November of that year. His marriage was on the ground of misconduct of his wife, Mary, with Captain Vincent Jones, who was stated to be a married man. The suit was undefended and Mr. Duer was granted a decree nisi with costs against Captain Jones.

Just before Easter last year Mr. and Mrs. Duer decided to go to Budleigh Salterton, in Devon, for a holiday, but at the last moment the husband was unable to go. On the following day his wife informed him that she had made the acquaintance of Captain Jones, with whom she admitted having committed misconduct. She stated that Jones had gone back to his wife and petitioner forgave her.

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They cannot tell you what is going on. I will try to think sensibly and act so. I am terribly unhappy. Don't come to-day, as I have sent a wire to Captain Jones, who arrives to-morrow. So my fate is quite decided, and I must go to him after all.

Captain Jones, in a letter to the petitioner dated August, said:

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KNOCK AND WALK IN.

Delights of New Home for Soldiers Out of Hospital or Back on Leave.

PHEASANT IN THE KITCHEN.

One of the most comfortable homes for soldiers who have been discharged from hospital or are home on a few days' leave from the front has been opened at 40, Weymouth-street, Portman-place, and all that is wanted to make this free hotel a big success is a company of guests to fill it.

Organised by Mr. and Mrs. Herring, of Harley-street, and their friends, the home has now been opened for three or four weeks.

Any soldier who is in need of a good bed and good substantial meals is a welcome visitor. Provided there is room, he has simply to knock at the front door and enter, just as if he were going home.

The home was visited yesterday by *The Daily Mirror*.

On the ground floor is the dining-room, a large, comfortably furnished apartment, while on the floor above is the drawing-room, or rather lounge—a room which contains everything to amuse a soldier.

On the upper floors there are bedrooms and a bathroom.

There is accommodation in the house for thirteen men, while a housekeeper and another woman make it their business to provide the guests with excellent meals.

Such sorts of luxuries are being sent to the home by Mr. and Mrs. Herring and his friends yesterday. There were a plump pheasant and a splendid hare simply waiting for a hungry "Tommy's" consumption.

"We should like it to be made known that there is a ready welcome as well as a comfortable home for soldiers back on leave or just out of hospital," said Mr. Herring yesterday. "There is nothing to pay."

NOT WHAT SHE SEEMED.

Innocent-Looking Widow Who Lost Fortune of £12,000 Sentenced for Shoplifting.

Stated to have lost in six years a fortune of £12,000 left her by her husband, a mining engineer, a widow named Ellen Ratcliffe, aged forty-three, was sentenced on London Sessions yesterday to eighteen months' imprisonment for shoplifting from William Whiteley, Limited, and Harrod's Limited.

It was proved that prisoner had had other convictions, including eighteen months in 1913. She was released from prison on December 8 last year. She looked a very respectable woman, said counsel, who would not deceive anyone, but in reality she was a very expert shop-lifter.

Miss A. Betts, a woman detective at Whiteley's, it was stated, watched the prisoner, who defrauded her from department to department, putting whatever she could lay her hands on into her muff.

She took some dozen and a half articles, valued at about £9 8s. 5d. After watching her for some time the detective said: "I want you to come with me," and prisoner replied: "I don't know what you want." "Don't you, Ellen?" asked Miss Betts. "I had you the first time at the Army and Navy Stores." "Oh, do let me go," prisoner pleaded. "Give me a chance, I have been trying very hard to keep away from this."

Next day the police went to prisoner's house at Vauxhall Bridge-road and found property valued £36 10s., which was identified as belonging to Harrod's Stores.

Prisoner's loss of fortune was ascribed by a detective to unscrupulous people who persuaded her to sell railway shares.

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MILLINER'S STORY OF "MY RUINED LIFE."

Breach of Promise Damages Claimed from Dead Man's Executors.

APPEALING LETTERS.

Appealing letters by a girl to her lover, who is now dead, in one of which she said, "Now that my love has been ruined, you must make it tolerable for me," were read in a remarkable breach of promise case before Mr. Justice Lush yesterday.

The action was brought by a milliner against the executors of the late Mr. William Thomas, who was alleged to have made the promise.

The plaintiff was Miss Minnie Magdalene Quirk, of 14, Upper Hornsey Street, S.W., and the defendant was Mr. Arthur William Thomas, who, it was stated, left £40,000. The hearing was adjourned.

ROMANCE OF MANY YEARS.

Mr. Waugh, for Miss Quirk, said she first met the late Mr. Thomas in 1896 in Guernsey. In March, 1897, he proposed marriage to her and she accepted him. They agreed to keep the engagement secret until his mother's death.

The reason given for that was that his mother strongly objected to the religion Miss Quirk embraced (Roman Catholicism), as one of Mr. Thomas' executors said a woman.

In September, 1897, and consequent upon the promise of marriage, misconduct took place. Mr. Thomas gave Miss Quirk an engagement ring at Christmas, 1897.

In 1901 he wrote telling Miss Quirk that he did not intend to marry her, and she acquiesced.

Later they met and went to Harrow, where Mr. Thomas again asked Miss Quirk to marry him, and she agreed. He wrote her, saying:—

"Before God, I intend to carry out my promise and repair the injury I did to you years ago."

"I AM VERY UNHAPPY."

On the strength of his promise Miss Quirk disposed of her millinery business.

In February, 1912, Miss Quirk wrote to Mr. Thomas as follows:—

"What is the use of keeping up this pretence you and I. Therefore, I will speak with my accustomed frankness. You have always said you intended doing the right things, and really there is no reason why you should not, unless you are really bad. You will be a better friend again. I am very unhappy. Now my life is ruined you must make it tolerable for me. I have no money, and you must help me to earn my living."

There was no answer to the letter, and in November, 1912, plaintiff wrote:—

"It is only within the last two months that I have realised that you do not intend to reply to my letter. Your attitude is quite uncalled for and raises an atmosphere I have done everything to prevent. One of your executors has been dead for over many years, and you must realise what a strong factor in my life he became."

"I gave up the Roman Catholic religion for you years ago. I shall never marry. To do that would be to act absolutely opposite to my views. I therefore feel I have a just claim on you to give me the necessary assistance to earn my living. Mr. Thomas replied:—

"Dear Miss Quirk," I have had your letter. It is no good going into all the matters you have raised. When I send you all that money (£400) you go and spend three guineas on a Coronation ticket. You imagine I am a rich man, but I am nothing of the kind. I have been unfortunate in putting my money out, and have lost £4,000 in the last three years."

ASKED TO SIGN DOCUMENT.

That letter must have contained untruths, commented counsel, for when Mr. Thomas died a year later he left £40,000.

Naturally, Miss Quirk replied that she could not allow the matter to stop there. "Would to God you had never come into my life," she wrote.

In September, 1913, the plaintiff was addressed as "Dear Miss Quirk" in these terms:—

"Although you have not the slightest claim on me, I am prepared to give you £30 on the following conditions: That you go to the London solicitors and sign a document. Upon signing it £30 will be paid to you."

It transpired that the plaintiff was asked to sign a document giving up all claims against Mr. Thomas and undertaking not to communicate with him in future. The plaintiff was advised not to sign it.

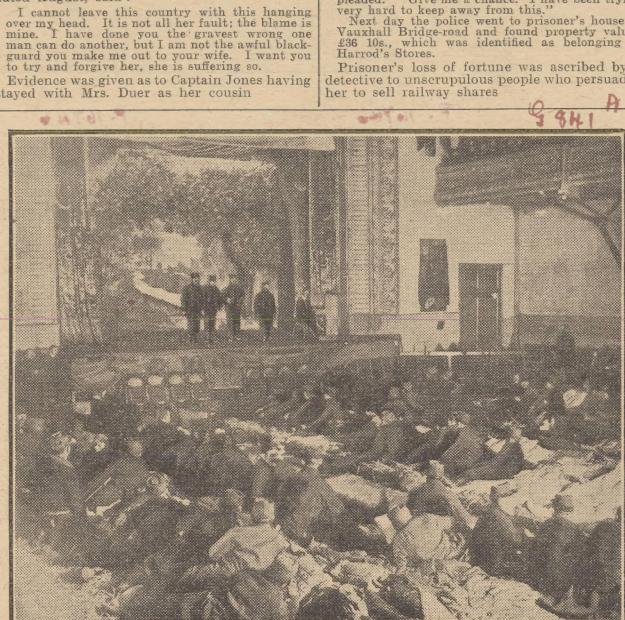
Mr. Waugh, in concluding, asked that justice should be done to the lady, who had no desire to drag the defendant or his family before the public. He said nothing against the dead man, "as he had gone before another Judge."

BOGIE TO BOGUS BARONETS.

A revised roll of the baronetage up to December 4, 1914, was published yesterday in a supplement to the *London Gazette*.

It is believed that the issue of the roll has had the effect, in some cases, of preventing the assumption of the title baronet by persons who have no right thereto, and has provided a means of easily detecting spurious claims to the dignity.

The general commanding the Second Army Corps, says a Reuter Amsterdam message, has ordered a severe state of war for the district of Bremers in Poen province, and all public meetings must have a special permit from the military authorities.



French soldiers who are billeted in a cinema at Calais, entertain each other with continuous performances. A quartette is seen singing.

WILL KAISER'S VISIT TO HIS FLEET HERALD DAWN OF THE GREAT DAY?

War Lord's Mysterious Journey and Story of Invasion.

"PRELUDE TO IMPORTANT NORTH SEA EVENTS."

Fireboats Sent Drifting Down River as Latest German Invention.

ALLIES' SWIFT WAY WITH FOE'S LITTLE TRICK.

Is it the dawn of "The Day"? Jellicoe and his great fleet have waited long, waited patiently, with eyes ever cast across the grey North Sea.

Now, at last, there comes a hint of great news for Jack afloat.

The Kaiser, as reported yesterday, is visiting Wilhelmshaven to inspect his fleet, and, as one report has it, "to deliver a great speech" to his Navy.

What is the meaning of this mysterious trip? Is it the War Lord's intention to see for himself how British guns have smashed his ships? Or is this visit the prelude to the great adventure for the High Canal fleet?

Copenhagen holds the latter view, and it is rumoured there that the Germans will at last "come out" and attempt to give action to the British fleet at the northern ports while another German squadron goes full speed north with the idea of covering a landing of German troops on the English coast.

A pretty scheme, and one exactly after the heart of Admiral Jellicoe and his men.

HUN'S RIVER FIREBOATS STOPPED BY ALLIES.

German Plan for Explosive Voyage Meets with Failure.

PARIS, Feb. 3.—This afternoon's communiqué says:

North of the Lys. Nothing to report. Between the Lys and the Oise. In the Noulette (west of Lens) sector our batteries silenced a lively fusillade.

The Germans sent fire boats down the River Acre above Aveluy, north of Albert, but these contrivances were stopped by us before they exploded.

Our artillery continues to obtain excellent results in the valley of the Aisne. We made slight progress, taking prisoners and repulsing a counter-attack to the west of hill 200, near Perthes.

In the Argonne. A second German attack was made yesterday evening near Bagatelle about 6 p.m.

It was repulsed like that already reported, which was carried out at 1 p.m.

From the Meuse to the Vosges. All quiet on the front.

In Alsace. We organised our positions on the ground gained to the south of Ammertzviller. Reuter.

GOOD NEWS FOR JACK!

How Copenhagen regards the Kaiser's visit to his fleet at Wilhelmshaven is shown in the following highly interesting telegram:

COPENHAGEN, Feb. 3.—The Kaiser's visit to Wilhelmshaven in connection with Von Bohm's warning to commercial shipping is interpreted here as the prelude to an important sea event.

It is rumoured that Germany will try to engage the British Fleet in southern waters while another squadron will go full speed north with the object of covering a landing of troops in England.

The "Social Demokraten" says that it was persistently rumoured that great contingents of troops were gathered at Wilhelmshaven at the time of the raid on Scarborough. Exchange.

WAR LORD'S WIRELESS.

PARIS, Feb. 3.—The *Petit Journal* says: "At 5 a.m. on January 27 the German wireless station, acting on orders from the highest authority, sent this Imperial message of mourning, which was at once intercepted by our installations:

"In accordance with a plan which has been laid before me, I wish to grant to the parents of the Prussian warriors who have died while defending the fatherland a record of my participation in their grievous loss."

"This will take the form of a souvenir, of which the Minister of War is superintending the preparation. (Signed) Wilhelm."

Then follows the announcement of two amnesties, one for persons sentenced to less than six months' imprisonment, and the other for men who have not joined their corps, though liable to service.

The *Petit Journal* goes on to say: "This is all. An Imperial decree is to be broadcast, death certificates and a humiliating appeal to the last reserves in the civil and military prison."

"That is all that William on January 27 was able to distribute to pan-Germany in exchange for the Blucher sunk by the British."—Reuter. January 27 was the Kaiser's birthday.

KRUPPS' STOLEN PLANS.

PARIS, Feb. 3.—The *Matin* says: "The German submarines now being used against British merchant ships are made after plans by the celebrated American designer, Simon Lake, of Bridgeport, which were stolen from him by Krupps.

"The plans were submitted to Krupps, whose directors gave their word of honour to divulge nothing.

"Eventually they entered into engagements on behalf of the Emperor, whereby the designer was to receive £600,000. As he could get neither his money nor his plans back he expostulated, and was told that the patenting of anything concerning war was illegal in Germany and that he therefore had no claim.

"Mr. Lake has since seen several German submarines, and is convinced that they are built from the plans he confided to Krupps."

VICTOR OF THE SEA COMES HOME AGAIN.

Return of Admiral Sturdee, Who Sunk German Cruisers at Falkland Isles.

Vice-Admiral Sir Doveton Sturdee, the victor of the Falkland Islands battle, in which he sunk German cruisers, returned to London yesterday.

Looking the picture of health and happiness, he reached Paddington at a quarter to seven in the morning. Lady Sturdee and her daughter, who had met him at Plymouth, travelled to town with him.

The gallant sailor called at the Admiralty shortly before ten, and here he was warmly congratulated on his brilliant victory.

Sir Doveton subsequently lunched at the United Service Club.

At half-past three he again visited the Admiralty with a friend.

There was no demonstration in the streets, but several of his admirers recognised the familiar figure in naval uniform and stopped to shake him by the hand.

Modest and retiring as he is Admiral Sturdee did not notice the cameras and photographers.

"Watch those chaps," he merrily remarked to a friend as he was being "snapped" by a couple of camera men. "They will 'shoot' first and raise their hats afterwards."

The photographers, after securing their picture, politely raised their hats, and with a guilty smile on their lips took their departure.

OSTRICH FARM DREAMS OF GERMAN PLOTTERS.

Lord Buxton on Foe's Aspirations in South Africa—"Boot on Other Leg."

Roseate visions of ostrich and sheep farms rise before the eyes of the Germans when they dream of South Africa as a Prussian possession.

Interest in Africa to Germany's aspirations in this respect was made by Lord Buxton, the Governor-General of the Union of South Africa, at Bloemfontein, on Tuesday, says a Reuter message.

Lord Buxton, who was accompanied by Lady Buxton, was cordially welcomed by the townspeople, and in reply to an address of welcome pointed out that the sympathies of Italy, the United States, Switzerland, Denmark, Rumania, the Balkan States and Greece were all on the side of the Allies.

He asked whether Germany had a single real friend, well-wisher, and replied: "Not one, except Turkey."

Holland knew full well that if Germany was successful and Belgium annexed she would be the next victim.

The Governor-General continued:—"Is any man in South Africa of Dutch descent—not a traitor to his race—going to raise his hand to assist a power which is bent on the destruction of his liberties and her nationality? Is there any such man who is not prepared to do his utmost to prevent such calamity? Further, is Germany going to assist at the absorption of Belgium and Holland? Certainly not."

"She has already cast covetous eyes on British South Africa as well. She wants colonies; she wants a place in the sun." South Africa would exactly suit her. Her recent intrigues show her aims.

On the front page of a Berlin news paper, it is common talk that next year the Germans intend to start ostrich farming and sheep farming in the Union of South Africa after it has been annexed to the German South-Western Protectorate. They may find the boot on the other leg and the annexation on the other side."

Fortunately for South Africa, he said, the Allies were going to win.

GERMANS' VAIN ONSLAUGHT ON THE RUSSIANS.

Tsar's Troops Retake Lost Trenches in Poland

—Frontier Successes Against Foe.

Marshal von Hindenburg is still bent on hacking a way through to Warsaw, but the way is stubbornly barred by the Russians.

The latter are making themselves felt in the direction of Mlawa, which is near the East Prussian frontier, and such small engagements as have taken place in this region have been successful for the Russians.

PROSKOVO, Feb. 3.—The following communiqué from the Headquarters of the Army is issued here:

Conflicts with the enemy in the Mlawa district continue, and are always favourable to our troops.

On the left of the Vistula there was a battle on the Bolimow road on February 1 of considerable violence, in which a large number of heavy and light batteries took a prominent part.

German attack of the morning of February 2 in the region north of Borjimow was repulsed with heavy losses to the enemy.

LOST TRENCHES REWON.

A very determined battle was fought south of the village of Goumine, where we reoccupied the advanced trenches lost by us on January 31, when there was the fight for the farm.

South of the Vistula, on February 1, we advanced on the village of Kozlitz, which we had captured on January 31, but after a fierce fight it up and down, but efforts by his forces to advance have been without success.

In the Carpathians fighting continues. On January 31 and February 1 our troops, who advanced on the frontier, also advanced from the Dukla Pass, almost in the interior, having traversed in the region of Jaslin-Mes-Laboc the principal height, captured a battery of six guns, two howitzers, one field gun and many prisoners.

In the same region an offensive movement at Sotszke, south-east of the Ujok Pass, was repelled with enormous losses.

German advices from the Carpathian front confirm that on February 1 a battalion of the 22nd German Regiment was annihilated to the south-east of the Beskid Pass. The remainder, including the battalion and company commanders and twenty men, were made prisoners.

REUTER.

WHAT THE GERMANS SAY.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 3.—The official communiqué issued in Berlin says:—

There is no news from the East Prussian front.

In Poland, to the north of the Vistula, cavalry fighting ended with the repulse of the Russians. To the south of the Vistula an attack by us east of Bolimow led to the capture of the village of Goumine.

On the Wola-Sydloweska line fighting is proceeding. Since the beginning of February we have made in this region 4,000 prisoners and captured six machine guns.

Now the Russian attacks against our positions on the Bzura were repulsed—Central News.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 3.—A correspondent on the *Berliner Lokalzeitung* in Galicia says that on the River Dunajec the German heavy artillery has now the task of crushing the adversary. This is only a question of time—perhaps only a short time.—Central News.

ORDER FOR SIR J. FRENCH

The presentation of Russian decorations to General French and certain British officers and privates was announced yesterday in the following official statement:—

On the 30th of last month General Prince Youssoupfoff, A.D.C. to the Emperor of Russia, visited the General Headquarters of the British Army in order to present, by the Tsar's command, decorations to Field-Marshal Sir John French and the commanding and some other senior officers and privates of the Royal Horse Guards, of which regiment his Imperial Majesty is Colonel-in-Chief. Prince Youssoupfoff was accompanied by Lieutenant-General Yermoloff, C.K.V.O., and M. Pilatys. He presented Sir John French with the Order of St. George. The Prince of Wales was also invested with a high decoration.

Lord Buxton, who was accompanied by Lady Buxton, was cordially welcomed by the townspeople, and in reply to an address of welcome pointed out that the sympathies of Italy, the United States, Switzerland, Denmark, Rumania, the Balkan States and Greece were all on the side of the Allies.

He asked whether Germany had a single real friend, well-wisher, and replied: "Not one, except Turkey."

Holland knew full well that if Germany was successful and Belgium annexed she would be the next victim.

The Governor-General continued:—"Is any man in South Africa of Dutch descent—not a traitor to his race—going to raise his hand to assist a power which is bent on the destruction of his liberties and her nationality? Is there any such man who is not prepared to do his utmost to prevent such calamity? Further, is Germany going to assist at the absorption of Belgium and Holland? Certainly not."

"She has already cast covetous eyes on British South Africa as well. She wants colonies; she wants a place in the sun." South Africa would exactly suit her. Her recent intrigues show her aims.

On the front page of a Berlin news paper, it is common talk that next year the Germans intend to start ostrich farming and sheep farming in the Union of South Africa after it has been annexed to the German South-Western Protectorate. They may find the boot on the other leg and the annexation on the other side."

Fortunately for South Africa, he said, the Allies were going to win.

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M.P. CHALLENGES THE SPEAKER'S POWERS.

"CAN I ATTACK YOU TO-MORROW?"

Asks Mr. Ginnell in the House of Commons.

AVALANCHE OF QUESTIONS.

An exciting little scene occurred in the House of Commons yesterday, when the authority of the Speaker was challenged by Mr. Ginnell.

The incident developed when Mr. Ginnell, on a point of order, protested against the Government taking up the whole of the time of the House.

"The House is being controlled by party causes unknown to the Constitution and by a perversion of its usages by the Speaker," he declared.

The Speaker said Mr. Ginnell was not in order in raising a question of that sort in the form of a point of order.

Mr. Ginnell: I have another point of order.

The Speaker: I have just decided it.

Mr. Ginnell: No, sir, you have not. I have a new point of order in my hand. Will you allow me to raise it or will you not?

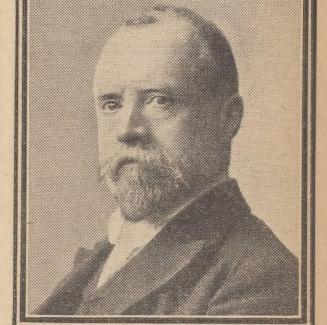
The Speaker said Mr. Ginnell was entitled to ask his opinion.

Mr. Ginnell: I have a new point of order.

Mr. Ginnell: I was going to raise a point of order and privilege.

The Speaker: What is the point of privilege?

Mr. Ginnell said that in allowing a curtail-



MR. GINNELL.

ment of private members' time without an order of the House—

The Speaker: Does the hon. member intend to make an attack on me?

Mr. Ginnell: Yes.

The Speaker: Then the hon. member must give notice.

Mr. Ginnell: Will I be in order to make an attack on you to-morrow?

NO PARTY MEASURES.

Mr. Asquith moved a motion, taking all the time of the House for Government business, suspending Friday sittings and giving an hour each day for the discussion of the day's adjournment instead of the usual half-hour.

There was no precedent for this proposal, he said, and it was only the exceptional circumstances of the case which made it justifiable.

The Government would confirm their legislative proposals to such measures as would be necessary to facilitate the successful prosecution of the war.

Mr. Bonar Law said he did not think that the proposal was unreasonable.

Mr. Booth and Mr. Healy opposed the motion,

257 INQUIRING M.P.S.

Notice of no fewer than 257 questions, the majority relating to the war, has been given by M.P.s.

Sir H. Dalziel asked yesterday whether, after the raid on the east coast, an order had been made for the removal of all alien enemies from certain areas.

Mr. Tennant said an order had been made, but it had since been withdrawn in cases where the people affected were such as not to constitute a danger.

Lord Charles Beresford has given notice to ask the Prime Minister

Whether there are three large ships being used to transport alien enemies; whether these alien enemies can have a full view of the proceedings in Portsmouth Dockyard and Harbour, as well as of all signals made; whether any of the prisoners have been released since their arrival at Portsmouth.

Whether, how many; and whether he can see his way to remove such a danger from the precincts of our first naval port and arsenal.

AUSTRALIANS TRAINING IN A BACK GARDEN. *9561 J*

A party of Australians is at present training for service in a house near West Hampstead. Amongst them are representatives of five Australian States. The photograph shows morning parade on the "parade ground"—the back garden. A capital tent has been rigged up, surmounted by the Australian flag.

SOLDIERLY HAT.



A new Paris hat, deep blue straw and silk, with a white trimming, inspired by British military cap.—(Demenge model.)

BRINGING WOUNDED BELGIANS TO ENGLAND. *91190 W*

British "Tommies" taking Belgium's wounded soldiers on board the Agadir for transference to England. There are a number of Belgium's brave wounded in this country now, where they are receiving every care.

WILL ITALY TAKE A HAND? HER VOLUNTEERS DRILLING. *9591*

Although it is still impossible to say whether Italy will throw in her lot with the Allies, the country is rapidly putting herself upon war footing. These men in the photograph are Italian Volunteers, composed solely of lawyers, engineers, professors and university students. They are exercising in Milan.

Relief from Rheumatism

Muscular or Acute.

Rheumatic pain of any nature quickly disappears under the soothing, warming influence of Sloan's Liniment. Apply it lightly—no need to rub it in—it penetrates and brings relief at once.

Pain in the Arm.

Mr. Smyth, Dunedin Terrace, Bangor, Co. Down, writes:

"My mother was suffering from acute Rheumatism in the Arm and she tried all kinds of medicine and embrocation without any effect. I am pleased to say Sloan's Liniment relieved her at once. She would not now be without it."



SLOAN'S LINIMENT

KILLS PAIN INSTANTLY.



Mr. W. Lewis, Malt House, New Marton, writes: "I have had a severe attack of Muscular Rheumatism in my arm. I tried all sorts of medicines but they gave no relief whatever. At last I thought of Sloan's Liniment, and one bottle made a complete cure at a small cost of 1/- All I can say is, there is nothing to equal it." Sloan's Liniment stops pain wherever it may be and however severe it may be. For relieving Neuralgia, Sciatica, Stiffness and Sprains, it is positively the best remedy you can have. Try it.

Sold by all Chemists, 1/- and 2/- Wholesale Depot: 86, Clerkenwell Rd, London, E.C.

"TIZ" for Tired and Sore Feet

TIZ for puffed-up, aching, perspiring feet and for corns—TIZ is glorious!



"My feet instantaneously for TIZ."

When your poor, suffering feet sting from walking, when you try to wriggle them away from the leather of your shoes, when chafing, when feet are swollen, sore, chafed—don't torment—just use TIZ. Get instant relief. TIZ puts peace in tired, aching, painful feet. Ah! how comfortable your shoes feel. Feet won't hurt you, won't swell after using TIZ.

Sore, tender, perspiring feet need TIZ because it's the only remedy that draws out the poisonous exudations which poison the feet and cause foot torment. TIZ is the only remedy that takes pinches and sores right out of corns, hard skin and bunions. Get a 1s. 1d. box of TIZ at any chemist's or stores. A whole year's foot comfort for only 1s. 1d. Think of it!

FATNESS CURED

WITHOUT DRUGS.

Such remedies for obesity as drugs, "tinctures," exercising and dieting are quite out of date. **SLENDERZON** is the only remedy that takes away fat. It is simply put in your bath. Eat as much as you like, exercise as little as you like, and in a few weeks you will restore your figure to its former beauty. Price 1/- per can. Postage charged 1/- or carriage free for 1/2 from **THE SLENDERZON CO.** Desk F, 8, SOUTH STREET, LONDON, E.C.



Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1915.

THE PLAGUE.

IT IS NOTICEABLE, though it is not at all strange, that no doctor ever seems to give his patients a hint as to how they may keep from influenza.

We know doctors who will cure you with kindness; but when we ask one or all of them how we may keep from the plague so as to need no cure of it, the answer generally is a mysterious shake of the head. Whence we suppose that this fiend flies whithersoever it likes, and that it cannot be dodged, any more than the chance bullet whizzing across the fields of France.

So, surely, it is right that all should be humble, and if not expectant of the plague, at least not arrogant in claiming immunity from it. There were bold fellows in London under Charles who swaggered about Cheapside smelling herbs or unguents, and claiming that they would never be attacked; but they fell like the others. Does not Boccaccio, in a memorable phrase, give us the whole sense of this peril, when he shows us the "valorous youth" breakfasting at morning in Florence with his friends, and at evening supping in the underworld with the shadows? Thus, unexpectedly, did the plague behave, and influenza is the plague of our age. That is why we warn boosters and rebuke them.

For we have noticed that many of them come to you as you are recovering from your one hundred and fiftieth attack and say: "How unfortunate it does seem that you are now a permanent invalid!—for that is what it really amounts to—perpetual influenza. Can't think why you don't do something about it. Eat oranges or something. I never get it. I take precautions." And, even as he speaks, he yawns.

He yawns and his head feels heavy. His head is heavy and his limbs burn. He has a temperature. In fact he has influenza. In vain does he deny it. Uselessly he struggles on for a day, limp as a dying leaf. He has to give it up. To-day he has influenza officially. He is in bed.

We are not going to crow over him now. He is prostrate. But he shouldn't have boasted. He shouldn't have been superior. He breakfasted in high spirits, and in the evening—he has a thousand devils in his limbs.

But perhaps we have no right even to mention our plague at home, while all the time, over there, a thousand worse things are being suffered for our sakes. Influenza, however, has a certain relationship with war. It does not produce war, but it affects it. It affects our view of it at home. As you lie in bed, stricken, it seems to you that nobody can ever win. It will go on for ever. All is war, the world is war, and exists for it, perpetually. All is lost. Nothing can make evil good. And so on, and so on. Influenza thoughts! They will pass on recovery. Victory will be visible when the plague has had time to move on and now down some other victim for the doctor.

W. M.

Daily Mirror Reflections of War and Peace, being Vol. VIII. of Mr. Haselden's cartoons, is just out. It contains more than 100 of the best of them, including many of the series of Big and Little Willies. There could be no better present for people at home or at the front. It costs 6d. net, at all newsagents and bookstalls.

IN MY GARDEN.

Fig. 3.—This is the correct time to sow sweet peas in boxes or in the cold frame or cool greenhouse. Plants raised on this date will be ready to plant out about the end of April and will produce fine flowers during the summer.

The following are the best sorts for garden decoration: Maud Holmes (crimson), R. F. Felton (rosy lavender), Nubian (maroon), Mrs. C. W. Broadmore (cream, picotee edged), Dobbies' Cream, Edna May (white), T. Steven's orange, Hesperides (rose-pink), Elfrida Pearson (rose). Mrs. Cuthbertson (bicolor), Primax (carmine). Elsie Herbert (white, pink edges).

E. F. T.

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

CLOTHES AND THE WAR.

IT IS possible that owing to the war, weather and darkness, soldiers wear not only wearing shabbier clothing, or at any rate not troubling so much about clothes as in peace times. This, of course, only applies to men. The fashions of women remain as smart and ridiculous as ever.

THE CHILDREN'S PART.

I AM greatly interested in the letters on this subject, and I do not hold with the idea of keeping children in ignorance of the war.

We cannot expect little girls to be absorbed in soldiers and fighting, but my boy (just nine years old) reads about every event in *The Daily*

our hands shrapnel, air bomb nor machine gun and bid us to take and use them in the slaughter of our fellow-beings. "Glory," though, is the name given by civilised man to such forms of organised murder.

It is surely deplorable—such as the Kaiser—causes war, then compels millions of innocent men to throw themselves into the chaos on his behalf. Their slaughter to him amounts to but a number; whereas the death of a single one may mean lifelong misery to the dear ones he has left at home. And then some people dare to call that sort of thing "glory."

"May a man be a soldier within the laws of Nature for their autocrat to cause war?"

I answer that his action was perfectly natural, but that people cannot be natural and civilised at the same time. And I aver that such a man

WAR AND LOVE.

Objections to Sentimentality During the Stern Struggle.

WAR AND MARRIAGE.

SHORTLY after the outbreak of war my fiance enlisted; but for that we should now have been married. Before long, I expect, he will be ordered abroad, and I want him to marry me before he goes. My reason for this is, naturally, that I may better have the care of him should he be wounded.

But he refuses to marry me for that very reason, holding that he ought to do nothing which might bind me to a badly damaged man. I do not think anything will make him alter his point of view, and I should be grateful for the knowledge that some among your readers agree with mine.

A. W. S.
West Kensington.

SILLY SENTIMENT.

I CANNOT help thinking it would be a very good thing if some of the silly sentimental pictures now everywhere to be seen could be suppressed—not perhaps by law, but by the sheer ridicule of a sane public opinion.

I am looking for a book just now which bears upon its cover the picture of a well-groomed officer passionately embracing a fair from domestic-looking lady. In a shop window the other day I saw much the same scene on a larger scale—another officer embracing another fervid lady. War in these presentations seems to be considered as a sort of stimulus to love making. It is entirely ridiculous and I think you are undignified. This is a time for grave thoughts, not for absurd sentimentality, and I really find it hard to believe that any sensible people like this sort of thing.

R. F.
Putney.

ANXIOUS TO BE OFF.
EASILY the most distressing thought in moments of reflection to those who enlisted for service abroad when the war started is that they have not yet been sent to the fighting line.

When men have been training at their battalion's war station for six months or so and there does not seem any likelihood of being sent abroad, they are apt to imagine their particular crowd to be something of a "wash out," and that thought is far from pleasant.

Six months' training with a few brief spells of "leave" and duty throughout Christmas for which they were promised a few days' furlough that has not materialised is the lot of thousands of new soldiers stationed in a centre a hundred miles from the front line, in which these men have

maintained their enthusiasm of a life they had probably never considered prior to the crisis in August is beyond all praise, but similar routine day after day and week after week naturally causes occasional dissatisfaction.

When men become "stale" and "fed up" with trudging country lanes, ploughed fields, and with platoon work, etc., it is difficult to convince them that they are assisting their country in a satisfactory manner.

After half a year's experience of a soldier's life they feel that they should be doing something more useful. In cases like this a trip to the Continent would be the only reliable curative.

OBSERVER.

LOVE AND OLD AGE.

When men shall find the flower, the glory, pass. And thou with careful brow sitting alone Received hast this message from thy glass

That tells the truth and says that all is gone; That thou art spent in flame, in me the heat remaining;

That my heart lies thus before thou fad'st;

My faith shall wax, when thou art in the waning.

The world shall see this miracle in me;

The world shall see this wonder when I'm spent;

Then what my faith hath been thy self shall see,

And that thou wast unkind when thou wast spent.

Then mayest repent that thou hast scorched my tears

When winter snows upon thy pale forehead.

SAMUEL DANIEL (1619).

MORE FURTIVE AMUSEMENTS FOR WAR TIME—

BILLIARDS IS PERHAPS PERMISSIBLE IF THE PLAYER DOES NOT TAKE OFF HIS COAT



IT FEELS ALMOST SINFUL TO PUT ON A NEW WELL CUT SUIT.—IF NEW, IT SHOULD BE ILL FITTING



IT DOES NOT SEEM RIGHT TO SHOOT BIRDS WITH A GUN



TO LOL IN SLIPPERS IN AN EASY CHAIR WITH A BOOK IS UNTHINKABLE



Continuing his guide to amusement-compromises during the war, our cartoonist indicates a few more "indulgences" which may be considered allowable if not really indulged in with enjoyment.

(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

Mirror regularly. He knows of every battle that has been fought and retains all the results, and his wish is to become a war correspondent.

Why keep the truth from children and stuff them up with such nonsense as Father Christmas? Surely this is a practice to be despised as unworthy of children with any brains at all.

The right course is to make them realise what our Army and Navy are doing for us, and to teach them to give the brave their due and to be grateful to them, as we all should be.

W. K. HASELDEN

UNION JACK

as is natural enough to cause a war is natural enough to be up a tree cracking nuts.

J. STANTON WINN.

VERY CALM.

I THINK it is true to say that in the midst of great upheaval we are calm; and whatever else may be said of that calmness, I feel this may be asserted—that no policy of frightenedness will disturb it.

But there are some of us who have spent many years of labour in the interests of peace. We go on doggedly with the work we have in hand, because that is so clearly the right thing to do. Still, I must confess that any calmness displayed by us is rather the calmness of resignation than of confidence in the emancipation of humanity.

D. S. W.

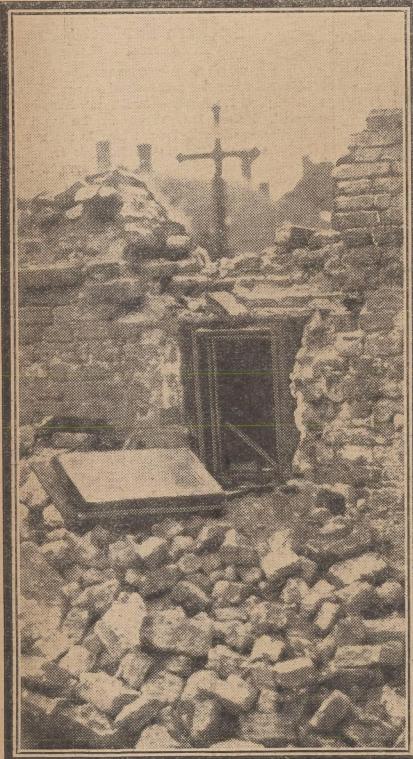
Lincoln's Inn.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

In regard to disagreeable and formidable things, prudence does not consist in evasion, or in flight, but in courage. He who wishes to walk in the most peaceful parts of life with any safety, must get himself up to resolution.

Let him front the object of his worst apprehension, and his stoutness will commonly make his fear groundless.—R. W. Emerson.

HUNS OPEN SAFE.



It is perhaps not surprising that the Germans, while destroying this church in France, blew open the safe. They love loot.

GIRL'S ACCIDENT.



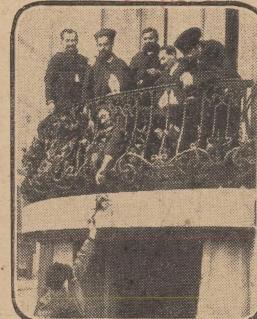
Miss Lily Smith, aged fifteen, of Bromley, has been accidentally shot while examining a Territorial's rifle in the street.

BELGIAN SPORTS ON THE YSER.



This boat has just returned to the Belgian side of the Yser. The occupants have been out all night "snipe shooting" at the Germans. This is a popular "pastime" just now, although it is decidedly dangerous, as the Germans make great efforts to snipe the snipers. Rival boats of snipers occasionally meet on the Yser, when little "naval" battles take place.

PASSENGERS BY!



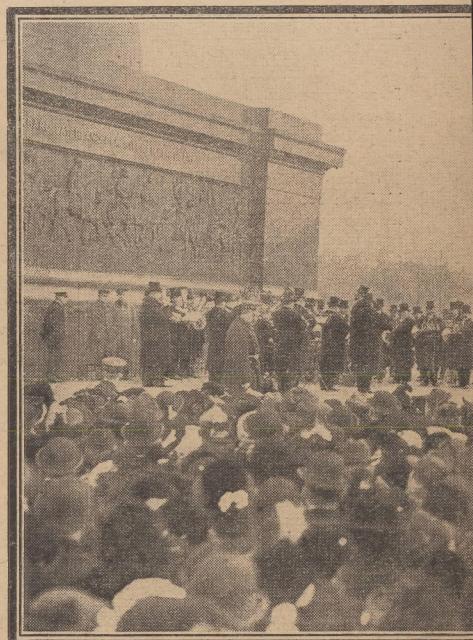
Wounded French soldiers at the Elysee Palace Hotel receive flowers from girls who pass.

PROUD PRIVATE.



"Thank you! Received by me!" wrote Private Fitzgerald, of the Royal Munsters, acknowledging receipt of Princess Mary's gift box.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS



Here is the Kaiser's birthday concert, given by a top-hatted band and patriotic tunes were played in honour of the Kaiser's red birth in battalions and butchered to m

BERLIN WANTS WOOL: GERMAN



Germany is terribly short of wool to make garments for the troops. The Kaiser insisted on the German people collecting all rags in the shape of a lion to be opened for their reception. Wool

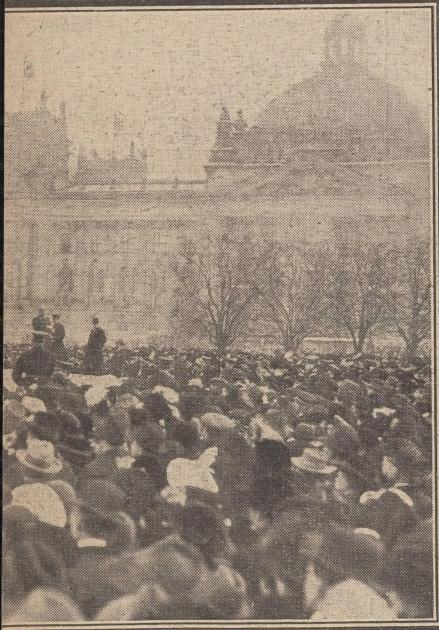
WHAT A SHELL WILL DO TO



Just a little time before these photographs were taken there stood motor-cars in Flanders. Then a German shell popped along. The time of the catastrophe. How they

SOOTHE THE HUNS.

9.9583



The "Houses of Parliament" in Berlin. All manner of martial law at the front German soldiers were being flogged on the Allies occasion entirely successful.

GOVERNMENT ACTS AS RAG PICKER.

9.9583 P



Collecting old garments in Berlin for wool-picking. Besides looting the Belgian warehouses, the Government has others that contain wool and sending them to official offices is stopped Germany's supply of wool.

OF THE FINEST MOTOR-CARS.

9.9508 K



A place of the heaps of rubbish seen above one of the handsomest is apparent. Fortunately the car had no occupants at the time it was fared may be imagined.

HOME ONCE MORE.

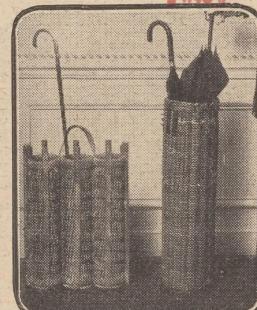
P 1608



Admiral Sir Doveton Sturdee, who sank Von Spee's squadron off the Falkland Islands, returned to London yesterday, and the picture shows him talking to a friend. He called at the Admiralty, where he was warmly congratulated on his victory.

SHELL BASKETS.

9.9508 M



Many empty German shell baskets are now being used in French homes as umbrella stands.

HON. ISABEL SHAW.

P 1651



This is a new portrait of Lord Shaw of Dunfermline's youngest daughter, who marries Captain Richard Vaughan Thompson on Saturday.

BREACH CASE.

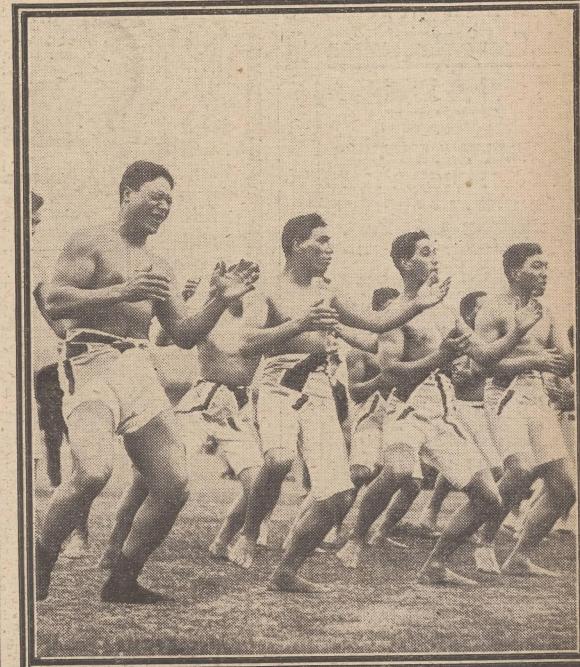
P 16061



Miss Quirk, the plaintiff in a curious breach of promise case. She is suing the executors of the late Arthur W. Thomas.

MAORIS DO A WAR JOY DANCE.

9.9526 A



These Maoris, who have volunteered for service abroad, are seen dancing their Haka or war dance at Auckland, New Zealand. They will fight for the Empire, very probably in Egypt. The Maoris have always been a virile and warlike people, and their loyalty to Great Britain is immense. Their war cry is familiar on many English football fields.

GAMAGE'S GREAT OPTICAL SALE

Encouraged by the success attending our previous great Sales, when over 40,000 satisfied clients expressed their approval of the service we rendered by the aid of our new system of adapting Glasses for all forms of sight deficiencies, we are again repeating this Offer for the MONTH OF FEBRUARY.



Half-Guinea Rolled Gold Glasses for

WE TEST YOUR EYESIGHT FREE and fit YOU with Reading or Distance Glasses fitted with highest quality Crystal Lenses for 4/- inclusive. Satisfaction guaranteed. We refund your money DURING SALE if not perfectly satisfied.

We guarantee the frames of these glasses for fifteen years; we fit them perfectly to your eyes and give you five different styles to choose from. If Compound or Bi-focal lenses are required, the cost of these will be extra.

Beware of Glasses with inferior lenses. We GUARANTEE all our Lenses to be optically perfect

There is no need for country customers to come to London. We will upon application send a test card gratis and post free. This will enable you to send us full particulars of your case by post, when we will at once despatch suitable glasses by return.

Leather-covered Spring Cases 9d. each.

Postage on all Glasses ad. per pair.

**A. W. GAMAGE, Ltd.,
OPTICIANS,
HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.**

BURGLARY

OWING to the recent burglary at JOHN ELKAN'S and necessary Stocktaking, there is now proceeding

A Great Realization

SALE

OF

JEWELLERY, WATCHES,
CLOCKS AND SILVER PLATE
AT AN
IMMENSE REDUCTION.
Specimen items of Extreme Value



ARMY STRAP WATCH
Guaranteed for all Climates, Salia Silver Case, Screw Bezel, Damp and Dust-proof, superior Lever movement, fully Jewelled, 42/-.
With luminous dial to be seen in the dark £2 12s. 6d.
Write for Complete Catalogue post free.

JOHN ELKAN
Goldsmith & Silversmith,
35, Liverpool St., LONDON, E.C.

'Hairs Never Return'

EJECTHAIR, although inexpensive, is a certain, safe and sure cure for unsightly hairs on the face or elsewhere. It not only causes the hairs to instantly vanish, but without pain or harm kills the roots absolutely and for ever. Sent in full, with full particulars and actual testimonials from grateful customers, which will convince you. **EJECTHAIR** is really a lasting, permanent cure. Send now 7d. stamps to **THE EJECTHAIR CO.**, (Dept. D.M.), 682, Holloway Rd., London, N.



Get well the 'Wincarnis' way

Don't continue to suffer needlessly. Get well the 'Wincarnis' way—the quick, sure and safe way—the way that is recommended by over 10,000 Doctors.

A Message to Men who are 'Nervy' & 'Run-down.'

You can't go on in that Nervy and Run-down state. It puts you at a disadvantage in office or workshop. It robs you of your rightful enjoyment. It makes you feel low-spirited and miserable. But a few wineglassfuls of 'Wincarnis' will speedily restore your vitality and strengthen your nerves. Because, being a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-maker, and a Nerve Food, 'Wincarnis' actually creates new vigour, new vitality, new blood, and new nerve force. The effect of a short course of 'Wincarnis' will be a revelation to you.

A Message to Women who are Weak & Anaemic.

Anæmia steals away a woman's beauty. The eyes become dull—the face drawn and 'pasty'—the lips bloodless. The health is undermined and a general weariness pervades the whole body. But 'Wincarnis' (the wine of life) banishes Weakness and Anæmia, because it is the greatest blood-maker known to science. It makes new rich red blood and sends it dancing through the veins, giving brightness to the eyes, coaxing the roses back to the cheeks, and creating a feeling of new life throughout the whole system. Will you try it?



Try 'Wincarnis' for Coughs and Colds. Try it for Sleeplessness or Indigestion. Try it for the after effects of Influenza. Over 10,000 Doctors recommend it, because it gives new health, new strength, new blood, new nerve force and new life. All Wine Merchants and licensed Chemists and Grocers sell 'Wincarnis.'

Begin to get well FREE

Send the coupon for a free trial bottle—not a mere taste, but enough to do you good.

Free Trial Coupon

Send this
Coupon
for a
Free
Trial
Bottle.

Coleman & Co., Ltd., W 240, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

Please send me a Free Trial Bottle of 'Wincarnis.' I enclose three penny stamps to pay postage.

Name

Address

"D. Mr." 4215.

Gibbs's Dentifrice

Entirely British

Mary had some Dentifrice
('Twas Gibbs's, as you know),
And every time she cleaned her teeth
It made them white as snow.

Not a wasteful powder—not a messy cream—but a solid cake of delicious dentifrice in a dainty aluminium box.

"Like a Breeze in the Mouth"

6d. and 1/- of all Chemists.

Generous Trial Samples sent on receipt of 2d. in stamps.

D. & W. GIBBS, Ltd. (No. 3D Dept.),

Cold Cream Soap Works, London, E.

Established 1771.

Let the children keep the stamps

from each package of Gibbs's preparations.

An important announcement will be made shortly.



THE SECRET OF HAIR BEAUTY.

Simple "Few Minutes a Day" Method That Makes Your Hair Perfect.

HOW YOU MAY SECURE A SPLENDID HAIR-GROWING OUTFIT FOR YOUR "HAIR-DRILL" FREE OF COST.

The problem of how to stop hair from falling out: how to overcome scalp irritation, scurf and dandruff, and at the same time to grow healthy, lustrous and abundant hair—no matter how dull or scant your locks—has been solved.

How every reader, man and woman alike, can practise every morning a simple method of hair-growing exercise, which, while beautifying the hair is explained today by Mr. Edwards, the discoverer of the marvellous hair-food and tonic—"Harlene."

"If the state of your hair is unhealthy," says Mr. Edwards to every reader of this column, "if your thinning locks or tresses make you look older than other women of your appearance—all you need do is to drill your hair back to abundance and lowness. I will give you everything necessary to commence 'Harlene' Hair-Drill at my own expense.



Applying "Harlene" to the hair ready for the delightful and useful hair-growing exercise "Harlene" Hair-Drill—that readers are invited to try free of cost to double the beauty of their hair.

HAIR BEAUTY FOR ALL.

Simply fill in your name and address on the coupon below, enclose 3d. stamps for postage, and you will receive by return of post absolutely free of cost or obligation:

1. A bottle of "Harlene," a true liquid food for the hair, which penetrating to the roots, stimulates them to new growth, building up the very substance of the hair itself. It is tonic, food and dressing in one.

2. A packet of the marvellous hair and scalp cleanser "Dr. Edwards' Shampoo," which dissolves every particle of scurf and dandruff, allays irritation, and prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."

3. The secret "Hair-Drill" booklet, giving complete instructions for carrying out this famous hair-growing exercise.



Here is one of the hundreds of styles of hair dressing that "Harlene" Hair-Drill makes possible. Not only artificial hair—no heavy coils, pads or transformations.

For all you hair below to day. When you have seen how truly splendid is "Harlene" Hair-Drill, you can always obtain larger supplies from any chemist—"Harlene" in bottles at 1s., 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.; "Dr. Edwards' Shampoo" at 1s. per box or 7 (single packets 2d.) or direct from the Edwards' "Harlene" Co., 20-23, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.

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Dear Sirs,
Please send me your free "Harlene" Hair-Growing Outfit, enclosing 3d. stamps for postage to any part of the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

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ADDRESS

"D. Mirror," 4/215.

THE DAILY MIRROR



JUST LIKE OTHER MEN

The Cross Currents of a Girl's Love.

By ALEXANDER CRAWFORD

"She is a woman, therefore may be won."

New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

JEAN DELAVAL, a charming, clear-headed, sincere girl of twenty-four.

LIONEL CRAVEN, a straightforward young Englishman of twenty-eight.

ASHLEY CRESWICK, his half-brother. He is a moneylender.

FAY CRESWICK, Ashley's wife. A shrewd, hard scheming woman.

DEREK TRENCH, Lionel Craven's friend and partner.

LIONEL CRAVEN, on board a liner coming over from South Africa, thinking about a girl on board who interests him profoundly.

His day-dreams are interrupted by Derek Trench.

"I've found out all about her," he says excitedly. "Her name is Jean Delaval, and she is the daughter of a man who is the sort of thing—poor and proud. She is a governess to the Hepsteins and had refused an offer of marriage from young Hepstein, who is heir to millions. She is coming back to England to marry Mr. Craven."

Lionel Craven is very silent. Then he tells Derek that he has fallen whole-heartedly in love with the girl. Derek Trench contrives to introduce them.

At first Jean Delaval can't make Lionel Craven out. It seems to her he is a moneylender friend too quickly that he holds her friendship too cheaply.

Lionel eventually convinces Jean Delaval of his sincerity.

One night, when they are nearing Madeira, Lionel asks Jean Delaval to marry him. He pleads passionately, and the girl, who knows that in him she has met the one man amongst all men for her, finally consents.

They are forced to say good-bye to each other at Southampton for a time.

* * * * *

Lionel goes straight to Ashley Creswick in Kensington. Lionel tries to borrow £5,000 from him for business, but is rebuffed with a rebuff.

Ashley Creswick confesses to his wife that he has robbed Lionel of his inheritance. He thinks it better to get Lionel out of the country again. He adds that the only one who knows about the will is a certain Jean named Delaval, who has a daughter named Jean.

As they are talking Miss Delaval calls to see Mr. Creswick. The situation is a critical one, but by clever manoeuvring, P. T. T. gets Lionel into another room. She learns from him with a shock that he is engaged to a Miss Jean Delaval.

In a heated interview with Creswick Jean promises to pay her father's debts at a month. After writing a note, and breaking off the engagement, she cables to young Hepstein saying that she will marry him if he will lend her £5,000 for a month.

One day when Fay is out a man speaks to her. To her horror she recognises her first husband, P. T. T. Creswick, whom she thought dead. He leaves her with a threat.

Frightened as she is, she does not forget that she must save Lionel, and so she tells him that Jean has returned to South Africa. He believes it, and sends a passage back.

Returning to his brother's, he finds a girl standing by his private safe. He cannot mistake her. "You, Jean!" he cries.

She tells him, amongst other things, that it is quite untrue about her ever wanting to go back to South Africa. He is called out of the room for a moment, and when he returns Jean has vanished.

Trench finds out that the Creswicks are playing a double game, and tells Lionel to pretend that he is going to Africa.

DEREK'S PLAN.

DEREK TRENCH made his suggestion with such a grave face, and the grave face was so quaintly round and childish that Lionel could not help laughing. It was very much as if a young school companion had said to him, "Let's pretend to be Red Indians."

"Pretend to go to Africa? Why?" he asked.

Derek puffed at his pipe and looked at him humorously. "Because, my dear young friend," he said, "a certain person is supremely anxious you should go there, and you'll fulfil the most unselfish dictates of your heart if you satisfy him."

Lionel's face hardened, as it always did when his friend seemed to make fun of a serious situation.

"Do let's talk sense," he said, irritably.

"I am never so sure about that," replied Derek. "As when I'm talking rot. You know as well as I do your brother wants you to return to Africa, and is prepared to leave no stone unturned to see that you do."

"I'm not so sure about that," Lionel replied.

"Well, let's get to the bottom of things. Did you see Miss Delaval when she called here?"

"Of course."

"And did it transpire that she had booked her passage on the *Inhaber*?"

"Quite so. I never supposed for a moment she did. Well, now, the question arises: Who do you think her passage? And who, without a word, offered to find you the money to follow her?"

"But he demurred at first."

"Ah, that's interesting, anyhow. Cudgel your brains, old man, and see if you can remember the exact moment he changed his mind."

Lionel shook his head impatiently. "How on

(Translation, dramatic, and all other rights secured.)

earth can I tell?" he said. "I only know that one day he refused it, and a day or two later agreed to let me have it."

"But think carefully a minute. Wasn't it between his first refusal and his subsequent yielding that he heard you were engaged to Miss Delaval?"

"Probably it was."

"Well, depend upon it, that was his motive. That was the new object which made him change his mind. He wanted to keep you."

"But why?"

Derek shrugged his shoulders. "I can't tell you that. I can only say she struck me as a man who wouldn't be at all likely to change his mind suddenly without an adequate motive, and a man to whom a motive to be adequate would have to be a selfish one."

"You let your aversion run away with you, Derek. I know him better than you do, and he's not such a bad sort, even if he is a money-lender."

The bitter emphasis he laid on the last word showed how the iron had entered his soul. Derek saw the shame on his friend's face and discreetly qualified his censure.

"A selfish motive," he said, "needn't necessarily be a bad one. If he is selling up the Delavals as a matter of business, it would be a very awkward position for him to have a wife who was a governess to the Hepsteins and a man to whom a motive to be adequate would have to be a selfish one."

"Yes, but to pay five thousand pounds to get him out of the way means that it must be a very big transaction, to make it worth while."

"A big transaction? Well, now you come to mention it, I happen to know the amount of the debt, and it's a very strange thing, Lionel, but it's precisely the amount he is lending you."

"Five thousand pounds?"

"Exactly."

"Well, that ought to knock your theory on the head."

"It does a bit," Trench admitted. "There must be some reason other than money." The two men sat silently for a while, and then Lionel was surprised to hear his friend chuckling quietly to himself.

"It doesn't appear to me anything to laugh at," he said, indignantly.

"I wasn't laughing about that," replied Trench. "I was amused at a sudden brilliant idea that occurred to me. Listen, old man, can anyone hear us through that door?"

"Not unless you shout."

"Then how does this strike you, Lionel? Get the cheque out of your brother and pretend to clear off to Africa—touching farewells, and all that sort of thing, don't you know. I'll back you up and say I'm going down to Southampton with you. Then we'll find the Delavals—we can get the address from Mrs. Macdonald—and pay Creswick their debt with his own money."

Lionel looked up quickly. "I'm afraid you will never make your way in the world, Derek. What about our cotton scheme?"

"The cotton is bothered! That can wait."

The eagerness on Lionel's face showed the bold Derek's plan had taken on him, but in his heart he knew the utter sacrifice his friend was making.

GROWS HAIR OR MONEY BACK

Novel offer of leading chemists.

The remarkable improvement in the hair that has so frequently and invariably been reported following the use of a simple hair remedy composed of 1oz. Lavona de Composee, 4 dram Menthol Crystals and 3oz. Bay Rum, has caused such widespread interest and comment that many chemists now keep it put up complete and ready for use under the name of Lavona Hair Tonic. Its uniform success in destroying dandruff, stopping falling hair, promoting hair growth, and making hair thicker and thicker, soft, glossy and lustrous, has been so sensational that the manufacturers of Lavona Hair Tonic, in order to show their unlimited confidence in its merits, have arranged with all branches of Boots Cash Chemists, Taylors Drug Co., Timothy White, Lewis and Burrows, etc., and other leading chemists everywhere, to sell it under an absolute guarantee of satisfaction or money back, provided the customer returns the empty bottle.

No claim is made that Lavona Hair Tonic is any better than that which any chemist can prepare from the above formula, but if you wish to convince yourself of its truly remarkable merits without risking the loss of a penny, go to the nearest branch of any of the above, or to any other good chemist to-day and ask for a bottle of Lavona Hair Tonic. "The kind they guarantee."

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"I am never so sure about that," replied Derek. "As when I'm talking rot. You know as well as I do your brother wants you to return to Africa, and is prepared to leave no stone unturned to see that you do."

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Lionel shook his head impatiently. "How on

"If it only concerned myself . . ." he said hesitatingly, "but why should you do all this for me?"

Derek coloured guilty. How could he tell Lionel he was not doing it for him that he was doing it for Jean? He waited for the moment the unselfish motive he was playing: he forgot how he was plotting and scheming to bring the girl and her lover together; he forgot that as long as she could be happy he was content to destroy all his hopes and ambitions. He only felt in that loyal honest heart of his that he was the blackest of traitors to his friend.

"Don't talk rubbish!" he replied with confusion. "We shall find some way out of the other difficulty. Can't you see that one matter is urgent, while the other can wait?"

"You make me feel a beast, Derek."

"I don't see why," replied Trench. "After all, it's your money, isn't it?"

"I've brought you all the way from Africa on the promise of it."

"And I'm having the time of my life. I shan't regret it if you don't. Is it a bargain?"

He held out his hand, and Lionel took it silently.

"Steady on!" said Derek. "There's someone at the door."

The interruption came at an opportune moment, for there were both men had reached scenes of emotion, and they had reached perilously near the dividing line between strength and weakness. Lionel rose and crossed the room to open the door.

"Oh, please, sir," said a maid, "Mrs. Creswick sends her compliments, and will you kindly give her the pleasure of staying to dinner?"

Lionel looked over to his companion, and the two men stared at each other for a moment in silence.

"I'm not dressed, you know," said Trench at last.

Lionel turned to the girl. "Where is Mrs. Creswick? Ask her if I can bring Mr. Trench to see her now."

The maid went with the message. "Now for a quick decision," said Trench. "Shall I stay or not?"

"Do you want to?"

"For some reasons I do, and for some I don't. There are a good many things I might be able to clear up."

"Then stay."

"Yes, I will. And mind, old fellow, you're sailing to-morrow morning for Africa."

"I quite understand," replied Lionel.

FAY IS DECEIVED.

THE growing strain was telling seriously on Fay Creswick. The most acute part of her anxiety was the necessity of seeing Lionel safely off to Africa, but in the background loomed the constant dread of a visit from Paul Schroder.

Lionel's visit to London was not a success; he vainly tried to convince her reason that a man who had let her slip through his fingers so easily could not be more anxious to get on her track. Logic said to her that as long as she avoided the risk of exposure by appearing in public with Ashley there was no danger, but her mind, made up of a tissue of morbidly sensitive intuitions, scorned logic and relied entirely on instinct.

And intuition told her that Paul Schroder, having found her once, would find her again, and that the next time would bring fatality in its train.

When she extinguished the lights in the library and walked out into her bedroom, her head was throbbing violently and she seemed to have lost the power of focused thought. She thought over her mind, therefore, to lie down in the hour after her disposal before dressing for dinner, and left explicit instructions that she was not at home to anyone. She vainly hoped she might be able to snatch some sleep and restore the face that was alarming her with its obvious need for greater and greater reliance on artificial assistance.

Yielding in spite of her determination she started up violently, almost trembling, at the distant sound of the hall-door bell, and called to her maid.

"Remember, I'm not at home, Ruth," she said, "on any account, but find out for me who is there."

The maid went away, and coming back presently said it was a gentleman to see Mr. Lionel—a Mr. Trench she thought the name was.

Fay sank back to her pillow with a sigh of relief. Her fears had told her it might be a relief. Yet such was her restlessness and so great her nervous dread of the thought of any complication going on without her being there to share it and guide it into safe channels, that after tossing about anxiously for some minutes she rang again for her maid.

"Put my hair right, Ruth," she said. "I expect Mr. Lionel will want to introduce his friend."

While the two men were planning their mentioned scheme Mrs. Creswick, with the skilled assistance of her maid, was cleverly repairing the ravages of her disordered fears, and when she had completed her toilet she sent the girl with the invitation to dinner which had brought their conversation to a close.

It was a proof of her unerring intuition—if any proof were needed—that she hurried through her task with so much trepidation. It was almost uncanny how accurately she sensed

(Continued on page 11.)

Measles and Whooping Cough

Children all like Angier's Emulsion and they are peculiarly susceptible to its soothing and tonic influence. In whooping cough, Angier's Emulsion not only relieves the spasms of coughing and retching, but it increases vitality and enables the child to throw off the disease more quickly and with less danger of complications. For building up after measles and for bronchitis or other chest complications, it is invaluable. Angier's Emulsion is a splendid tonic and builder in all children's ailments. Mothers who have not tried it should write for a free sample bottle.

ANGIER'S EMULSION

"MY CHILDREN AMONG THE FEW THAT HAVE ESCAPED MEASLES."

Dear Sirs.—For your information I feel I ought to tell you how greatly I appreciate Angier's Emulsion. I have three children, aged 8, 6, and 2½, and whenever either shows any tendency to cold, or appears in need of a tonic, Angier's is given, with the result that all is soon well again. My eldest, a girl, was very subject to bronchitis, but this winter has been quite free. Just now, when an epidemic of measles has become very serious in the district in which we live, I am thankful to say up to the present my children are among the few that have escaped. My wife and I always rely on Angier's for ourselves in case of a cold or cough, and have never found anything so effective. If you care to use my testimonial, you are at liberty to do so.—(Name and address furnished privately.)

Free Sample Coupon.

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THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

Mr. Bonar Law.

Mr. Bonar Law is looking the better for the parliamentary recess. He has been putting in a vast amount of hard work lately, but when I caught sight of him in Parliament-street yesterday he looked fitter than I have seen him look for a long while. But then Mr. Bonar Law loves work and when he isn't working he plays golf.

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Mr. Bonar Law.

One of his little peculiarities is shown in his smoke. In town and indoors Mr. Law is a great cigar smoker, in the country I have seldom seen him without a pipe. The cigar, one might say, is his official smoke. And then Mr. Law's pockets, too, are peculiarities known to all parliamentarians, and feared by them, too.

Useful Pockets.

He seems to have pockets concealed in all parts of his coat, and each pocket contains some carefully-tabulated references or figures. Watch the Unionist leader when he is speaking and you will see the pockets come into play. He always speaks without notes, but should he be questioned or heckled, swiftly a hand darts into a pocket, out comes a cutting or a note, Mr. Law reads it off with chapter and verse to support his statement and the heckler generally retires hurt.

Compensation for the M.P.

The war has its compensations for members of Parliament, this session their lives—those of them who are not at the front—should be about the easiest modern Parliament has ever known. For many weeks to come they will only be required to sit four days a week, and nearly every evening they will have finished work at Westminster in time to dine at home. At this period of the session, when enthusiasm for parliamentary work is usually keen, nine members out of ten dine at the House or at a club in the neighbourhood.

And for the Seaside.

The longer week-ends may be the means of benefiting many of our seaside hotels on the south coast. Although Fridays up till Easter are usually allotted to private members, and there is consequently no obligation on the part of M.P.s to attend, the subject of discussion is usually one of great interest to the nation, and members defer their weekend departure from London until they have either spoken or voted in the Friday afternoon division. Now they will be able to skip off to Brighton or other pleasant places of weekend recuperation on Thursday evenings.

Cricketers Among the Missing.

Cricket has suffered a heavy loss in the recent casualty lists. In Monday's one I saw among the missing the names of G. E. V. Crutchley of the Scots Guards and A. H. Lang and G. H. Fletcher of the Grenadiers. All three are cricketers, and Lang and Crutchley are racquet players, too.

Had Measles When He Played.

Lang captained Harrow at cricket, and Crutchley was in his side. Both played racquets for the school. Crutchley went up to Oxford and, as many will remember, made 99 not-out against Cambridge in 1912. The extraordinary part of his performance lay in the fact that he went in suffering from measles, came out with a very high temperature and practically collapsed as he got to the dressing-rooms. It is not so generally known that only the week before he got 98 not out against the M.C.C. at Lord's. Pretty bad luck, not getting a hundred either time? Crutchley is a very good amateur actor, well known at the Canterbury week among other places.

Hard and Soft.

An Irishman, who is now at home for a brief spell from the trenches, having stopped a German bullet with his hand, was asked by a doctor the other day what he was doing for his wound. "Sure, and I'm bathing it with soft water" was the answer. "What do you mean by soft water?" demanded the doctor. "Why—water you wash in," said the Irishman. "Then what do you call hard water?" "Oh, to be sure—that's ice" was the warrior's reply.

A Nervous Moment.

I told you all about the royal matinee at Covent Garden in other columns of *The Daily Mirror* yesterday. It was a wonderful affair, but I had one uncomfortable experience when I joined a distinguished musical and critic in a box just over the royal box. The musician kindly handed me his opera-glasses. Then, just as I was looking at the stage, he whispered: "Don't drop them on the royal party because there's a box of detectives opposite and they'll think it's a German bomb and shoot us at sight." As he said this the glasses nearly slipped from my hands.

"All Star" Casts.

As regards the performance itself I am not sure that an "all star" cast makes for really great acting. Take Mr. H. B. Irving, for instance. He played Sir Peter's servant, and his personality has such a power that when he made his entrance people might have thought that here was the very crux of the whole play. Apart from this the unnamed individual who played a negro servant was more conspicuous than many of the actor managers.

An Uproarious Success.

I think it is years since I laughed so heartily in a theatre as I did in the Comedy on Tuesday night. There Mr. Arthur Chudleigh has revived that uproariously funny farce, "Are You a Mason?" and the revival is a splendid success. The audience laughed till their sides ached.

Just "A Scream."

The whole thing is delightfully absurd, of course, but at a time of stress and darkness like the present a little absurdity like "Are You a Mason?" comes as a sort of national tonic. It braces and stimulates. The part of

P-5011



MISS JOAN HAY. (Foulsham and Banfield)

Mr. Bloodgood is now played by Mr. Ernest Dagnall. His is a brilliantly comic performance. There are lots of pretty girls in the play, too, including Miss Dulcie Musgrave as Mrs. Perry and Miss Joan Hay as Annie. Miss Hay is a very winsome ingénue.

A Gay Audience.

Quite a distinguished first-night audience gathered to welcome "Are You a Mason?" Mr. Marshall Hall was there, laughing at the lies and subterfuges on the stage as though he had never extracted the truth from an unwilling witness in his life. Seated next to him I noticed Miss Madge Temple—very charming and very much amused. A little further away was Mr. Paul Arthur, who appeared in the original cast of "Are You a Mason?" He laughed as though he had never seen the play before.

Precious Innocents.

Whenever possible the Hun likes to pose as a precious innocent. As a rule, the pose does not suit him. I have just been reading the semi-official *Cologne Gazette*, which contains a letter alleged to have been sent to a German soldier's wife by a Frenchwoman living in territory occupied by the Germans. A more childish concoction was probably never printed.

"Kiss Your Little Daughter."

"Just a line," writes the woman, "to tell you that your husband has been staying with us for three weeks, and has been most good to us. So long as we live, my parents and I, we will remember the happy hours spent together. Please kiss your little daughter for me." It's odd, but it can only be supposed that if semi-official papers print this sort of stuff that Germans are foolish enough to believe it. It is a million chances to one that the letter was written in a German office by a German.

The Belgian Minister's Wife.

One of the busiest women in London just now is the Countess de Lalaing, wife of the Belgian Minister. She seems to be indefatigable in her work for her distressed country-peopple, and in her help for her husband.

P-2544

Now I see her husband is indisposed, and has had to cancel all his engagements. Everyone will wish him a speedy return to health.

British Connections.

The Count de Lalaing, by the way, has British blood in his veins. His mother, the Dowager Countess, who died three years ago, was a granddaughter of Sir Francis Macnaghten and a cousin of Lord Macnaghten and of Sir Dighton Probyn. Count de Lalaing, in other days, was one of the most assiduous attendants at parliamentary debates of any of the diplomats in London.

One Penalty of Fame.

That the fame of one member of a family will overshadow any enjoyed by the rest of it was my first thought on reading of the arrival in East Africa on a special mission of Colonel Kitchener, "K. of K.'s" elder brother. Many people, in all probability, never realised that the famous soldier even possessed a brother. Yet Colonel Henry Kitchener has been a distinguished soldier, and has seen service in Burma and with the Manipur Field Force, on both occasions being mentioned in dispatches.

Lost Him the Post.

Of the younger brother, the late Sir F. Walter Kitchener, who was Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Bermudas, it was said that during the South African War he actually lost an important post through the relationship. His name was freely mentioned in connection with the position, he was fully expected to get it, yet he was passed over. "The post should have been my brother's," Lord Kitchener is alleged to have explained, "but had I given it to him everyone would have yelled 'favouritism' at the top of their voices."

Our Commune.

I regret to report that we have been forced to yield ground in the course of our football campaign. Well as we have done, "Tommy"—as his way—has done better. Our reinforcements are not equal to his assaults upon our position, and he is through our lines in force. Something like 150 of him is holding a position on my table, and I have not reinforcements enough to oust him.

"Tommy" Wants More.

In other words, "Tommy's" applications for footballs are greater than the number we have in hand for distribution. He has been attacking day after day forty and fifty strong. Yesterday our reinforcements numbered twenty-six, bringing the total over the 1,600 mark to 1,614. Yet we still want more.

A Generous Gift.

Two footballs came yesterday from the Hellingay Boy Scouts, a contribution which I particularly appreciate, since the whole patrol is only twenty strong, and, as their scoutmaster says, "funds are very low."

7,500 Soldiers Waiting.

Now for our great effort. As I said, some 150 applicants are unsatisfied. That means 150 soldiers in lonely camps and billets, men who are doing all they can for you and me, are waiting anxiously for each post to bring them a *Daily Mirror* football. I compute that each football provides fifty men with amusement which richly deserves. So, if we cannot beat back the applicants, 7,500 "Tommies" must go disappointed. We can't let that be. Won't you help "Tommy" to his game?

Not a Hair Displaced.

Rustic razors in their capacity for inflicting torture are proverbial. A soldier in Kitchener's Army whose service razor had not arrived patronised the local barber's shop in the district where his battalion is encamped. He came back very, very sore, and observed to his comrades that the instrument under which he had suffered was the first razor he had seen which "could effectively remove the skin without displacing a single hair."

THE RAMBLER.

You need
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The oriental fruits and
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sauce

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as delicious as the first.



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The rich creamy lather of these famous
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of sweet violet root clings to the hair,
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Just Like Other Men

(Continued from page 9.)

an occult influence working against her. She knew as well as if she had been present that a conference was going on in that room which ought to be stopped at the earliest possible moment.

The girl came back in a moment or so with Lionel's message.

"Show them into my room," said Mrs. Creswick. "I will join them in a minute."

She was her gay and charming self when she went into them. "No woman in the world knew better how to place a stranger at his ease, and would have been hard—almost impossible—for anyone introduced for the first time to discover how keenly she studied him."

"No fool," was her inward comment as she shook hands. It was one more sign of her powers of perception, because the almost universal impression of Derek Trench at first sight was that of a rather light-hearted and very social buffoon. Ashley Creswick had thought so, though, as we have seen, he had every reason to change his opinion very rapidly. Even Lionel had thought so before, and perhaps still had moments when the feeling returned to him strongly.

But Mrs. Creswick was under no such illusion. She knew she was looking into the eyes of a man whose failings were all on the surface, but whose inner soul was shrewd and observant. She distasteful that she could not read, and could not think instead. She disliked Derek Trench. Probably the aversion was mutual, though it would have taken a man much more perceptive than Lionel to have seen a trace of it on either side.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Mr. Trench," said Fay. "I had almost given up hopes of meeting you before Lionel sailed."

"I thank you, Mrs. Creswick. It is more by luck than good management. I knew he was impetuous, but I was positively staggered when he told me what he had decided to do."

Fay looked at Lionel with an arch expression, half of mischief and half of affection. It was so well done that no one would have noticed with what panic-stricken terror she was scanning her brother-in-law's face. He, at least, was not added to regarding his feelings.

"Isn't it ridiculous?" he said, turning to Derek again. "But what can we do? We might as well talk to a brick wall as argue with a man so much in love as he is!"

"If you can't persuade him, Mrs. Creswick," Derek replied, "I'm perfectly sure no one can. But it's too late to talk now. He has booked his passage, and all I can do is to perform the last sad duty by going down to Southampton to see him off."

In vain Fay scanned the young man's face to discover any signs of deception. The round blue eyes twinkled merrily, and the quizzical face was pucker up into innumerable wrinkles.

"You're a better friend than he deserves," she said. "I was thinking of going down myself."

"And why not?" said Trench eagerly.

Lionel shot a quick glance at his friend. He didn't understand this new move. Surely Derek was sensible enough to see that Fay's coming down to Southampton would upset everything! As usual, he did not see far enough. Derek's apparent delight was well done—so well done, in fact, that it went a long way in the direction of putting Mrs. Creswick's mind at rest.

"I'll you stay to dinner, won't you?"

Derek looked down at his clothes in mock despair.

"Well, you see," he said hesitatingly, "I'm not dressed."

"Oh, if that's the only reason there's no more to be said. Ashley will be home in ten minutes—my husband, you know. You positively must meet him."

Derek explained that he had had the pleasure of the same morning, and Fay, although consumed with curiosity to know what had transpired, thought it safer to wait till she got an opportunity of asking Ashley.

They were still chatting gaily when Ashley's key was heard in the door.

There will be another long instalment to-morrow.

NEWS ITEMS.

MINED TRAWLER LOST WITH CREW.

The Grimsby steam trawler Earl Howard was officially reported yesterday to have struck a mine, and is presumed to have foundered with all hands.

SEA'S TOLL OF SHIPS AND LIVES.

During January the Board of Trade received reports of the loss of twenty-seven sailing vessels (21,620 tons) and twenty-nine steamers (25,757 tons), with a total loss of 123 lives.

NEW DIVIDEND FOR BIRKBEECK MEMBERS.

A final dividend of 9d. in the pound, making a total distribution of 18s. 9d. in the pound, was announced yesterday to members and customers of the Birkbeck Permanent Benefit Building Society.

POSTAL ORDERS NOT LEGAL TENDER.

A proclamation withdrawing postal orders from currency as legal tender was published in last night's *London Gazette*. Holders of orders can obtain payment at any money order office before June 1 next.

SURPRISE FOR SIR J. D. REES.

When Sir J. D. Rees, M.P., arrived at the Imperial Institute yesterday to address a meeting on the subject of Russia there was no audience, and it was found that the meeting had been held twenty-four hours earlier.

"BOOMING" LANGUAGES.

A suggestion to "boom" foreign languages, especially French, German and Russian, in view of possibilities after the war, was made yesterday at a meeting of the London County Council Education Committee.

SOLDIER'S WIFE'S APPEAL.

Mrs. S. R. Hibbert, whose address is care of Mrs. Lambert, Middleton St. George, Durham, would like to hear from anyone who knows the whereabouts of her husband, Private S. R. Hibbert, No. 10,091, Royal Fusiliers, who has been reported missing since October 18.

RACING AT WARWICK.

The defeat of Millbridge in the Budbrooke Hurdle was the outstanding feature of the racing at Warwick yesterday. Lord Durham's colt proved too good for his favourite, Cleopatra, and in the run in he was easily beaten by Gainsborough.

King's Curse finished first in the Upton Steeplechase, but he was disqualified for taking the wrong course. For the concluding stage of the meeting selections are as follows:

1.45—Coventry "Chase" VICTOR FELICITAS, 2. 11—Budbrooke Hurdle, 2m.—Guiscard (7-2, A. Escombe); Millbridge (6-8); 21. Whistle (20-1); 3. 11 ran. 3.15—Upton Chase, 2m.—Guiscard (7-2, A. Escombe); 22. Manley (6-1); 23. Also ran: Yonder and King's Curse (disqual.).

3.45—Barford "Chase"—FORTUNE BAY, 2.45—Leamington "Chase"—DELAWARE, 3.10—Long Distance Hurdle—SWING.

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.

*RAEBURN'S GLASS AND SWING. GOUVIERE.

YESTERDAY'S RACING RETURNS.

1.45—Budbrooke Hurdle, 2m.—Guiscard (7-2, A. Escombe); Millbridge (6-8); 21. Whistle (20-1); 3. 11 ran. 3.15—Upton Chase, 2m.—Guiscard (7-2, A. Escombe); 22. Manley (6-1); 23. Also ran: Yonder and King's Curse (disqual.).

3.45—Barford Hurdle—RAEBURN'S GLASS, 2m.—Guiscard (7-2, A. Escombe); 21. Variety Lad (5-1); 22. Tobber (11-4); 3. 8 ran.

3.45—Stewards' Chase, 2m. 150yds.—Tweedledum (7-2, Winstone); 1; Primrose Path (2-1); 2; Rillet (5-1); 3. 12 ran.

4.10—County Hurdle, 2m.—Dabber (10-1, Burley); and Toller (2-1, Piggott); dead heat, 1; Mark Minor (5-1); 3. 7 ran.

A match between the Dixie Kid and Corporal Anderson was the highlight of the boxing tournament to take place in the 9th Lancashire Hotel, Salford, on Saturday night.

The following matches have been arranged to take place at the Ring—Feb. 8. Sid Burns v. Nichol Simpson; February 15, The Bull v. Henri Tynce; February 22, Gertie Gurney v. Harry Tynce.

Yesterday's football results were—League I: Middlesbrough (h) 3, Bradford City 0. League II: Clapton Orient (Leeds City) (h) 0. Southern League: Southend (h) 2, Watford 1. Southern Charity Cup: Reading (h) 3, Swindon 1.

Stimulate circulation—maintain strength and get a 'grip' on your nerves by drinking Vi-Cocoa. Fill your 'Thermos' with Vi-Cocoa.

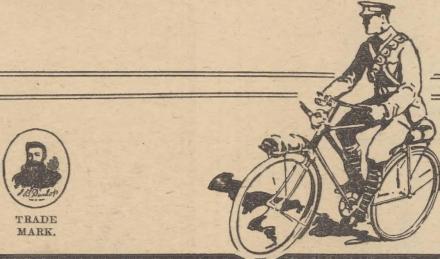
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'Teddy' Slingsby Wins. He Is "Just Like His Parents": Photographs

ADMIRAL Sturdee Returns Home After Falkland Islands Victory : : Picture.

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

CELEBRATING Kaiser Wilhelm's Red Birthday in Berlin : : : Picture.

DISPLACING GERMANS.

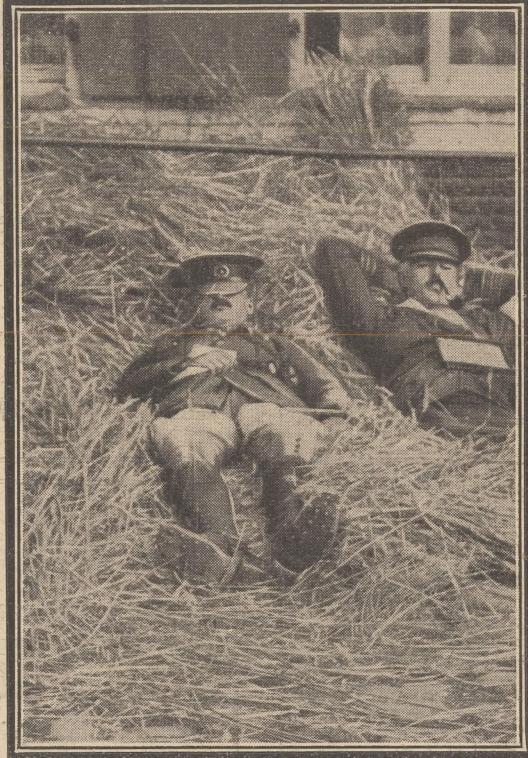
9.1975



These fifty British boys are going to a school to be trained to capture the German positions as waiters in London restaurants.

A GENERAL'S REST.

9.331E



Here is a celebrated British general enjoying a few moments' rest on some straw within sound of the German guns. The familiar sound, however, does not appear to disturb his repose.

GREAT DRESSMAKER.

P.5451



This is Paul Poiret, the famous Paris dressmaker, who is now a simple French soldier. He is here seen on leave.

THESE MEN ARE NOT POLAR EXPLORERS.

9.1803.9



This is really a group of British sailors on H.M.S. King Edward VII, one of our ships that are keeping the highways of the sea, but in their winter clothes they might be taken for a party of Arctic explorers.

A LITTLE LESSON IN MUSIC AND OPTIMISM.

8.11910.44



The subject of this photograph, taken at one of the base hospitals attached to the French Army, seems to have successfully solved the problem of how to be happy though wounded. The spirits of the men are reported tersely as "splendid."